

KOB
8/17.5
P977

VOL. XX.—No. 497.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 15, 1886.

PRICE, TEN CTS.



ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILED AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



THE LAST BATH OF THE SEASON.
The Political Waters This Year Seem to Have Their Annoyances for Both Parties.



PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

OFFICE:
PUCK BUILDING,
Southwest Corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets,
NEW YORK CITY.UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - H. C. BUNNER

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Attention is called to the fact that every issue of PUCK is specially copyrighted, and its contents protected by law. We have no objection to the reprinting of paragraphs and articles, where full credit is given; but we cannot permit the reproduction of our pictures, except by special arrangement with us.

INDEX TO VOLUME XIX.
is now ready, and can be had on application at this office, without charge, or will be mailed to any address gratis.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., August 27th, 1886.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:
Your last editorial (*) about the Knights of Labor and their General Master Workman is unfair, and you ought not to have printed it. Some of the assemblies have passed resolutions against you, but you must not become angry on that account; for how many are there who have passed no resolutions? Some Knights have committed crimes, but how many honest and law-abiding workingmen do the Knights number?

Mr. Powderly, you think, has committed errors; but what has he done to justify the language you use? In your opinion, the organization is incapable of regulating, justly, differences between employers and their men; but have the Knights of Labor failed in this more often than Trades Unions, of which you now think well? You can not deny that there are certain matters which interest all workingmen—such as competition with convict labor, the tariff and land questions, the payment of wages by orders or by cash, and other questions—and which can be most efficiently dealt with by an organization comprising all workingmen.

If you think that workingmen should divide on these questions, that is simply a matter of opinion; and if an organization is possible which, in legislation, in the nomination of candidates, and in the decision of business differences, justifies and secures the adherence of vast numbers of workingmen, who can object? If a club were founded in each one of our cities for the purpose of arousing the interest of workingmen on momentous public questions, would you not commend it? If, becoming convinced that certain courses and laws were best, these clubs attempted to have these courses followed and these laws passed, could you censure them, even if they combined under central clubs? for, as certain questions belong to the State, so certain other questions belong to our National Government, and can best be affected by national organization. Free Traders have a national league of all clubs.

You object to the Knights of Labor because they attempt to create within the Union a supreme power independent of the Union; but if this power is only sought that the legislation of the Nation may the better be influenced, is this course not as proper as that of the friends of Free Trade? Is it not as right as when any party—Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists or Greenbackers—seeks to affect national legislation by an organization which is national? The end of all organization is simply to give each member greater influence than he could have without organization, and therefore to increase the collective influence.

If one lesson is plainly taught by our politics, it is that the interest felt by our property and professional classes in honest government does not suffice to bring it about with any considerable speed, and I can not conceive how you can find it consistent with your desire for good government, to discourage the interest which workingmen, under the influence of the "Noble Order of the Knights of Labor," have begun to take in politics.

From most papers, I expect the fairness which one week is violent on one side, and the following week on the other—but from you I have expected, and still expect, something vastly superior; and I think your past course in public matters a sufficient justification—for I have found in your editorials and their uniform fairness, truth and power, a keener pleasure, even, than in your cartoons.

Yours very sincerely,
BOLTON SMITH.

In No. 494.

BOLTON SMITH, Esq.—

Dear Sir:

You seem to be a reasonable man. Let us reason together.

In the first place, please remember that we are reasoning on one and the same basis. You must know—pardon us for reminding you of it—that the men who control the policy of PUCK are neither enemies of Labor nor hirelings of bloated Capital. This paper was founded and worked up to its present position by hard and incessant labor. The men who compose its staff, literary and artistic, have worked for their living all their lives. It is, to say the least, unlikely that they would deliberately seek to injure laboring-men. It is unlikely that they, being able to take care of themselves, would sell their souls to capitalists, if capitalists were in the habit of running around with bags of gold, trying to buy up honest journalists. It is hardly to be supposed that Mr. Jay Gould—for instance—cares to waste his money in securing a sentimental defense of Capital against Labor. And if he had any such insane idea, it is certainly not credible at all that he should approach honest men, who have their standing to maintain in the community, and who have always been ready to condemn him whenever he deserved condemnation.

* * *

We may assume, then, that you are willing to believe us honest, and fair according to our lights. Then let us consider your argument. Or, rather, please consider your argument by yourself, and see if it will stand. You ask us why we condemn an organization like the Knights of Labor, and you compare that organization with the great political parties. Stop a minute and see if there is really any ground for such a comparison. The political parties are such organizations as the Constitution of the United States provides for. Each one is a collection of men holding certain opinions, and seeking to give those opinions practical effect by electing, according to the laws of the country, legislative and administrative officers of their own way of thinking. If the workingmen of America wish to organize for any such purpose, why, we give them god-speed. But what in the name of reason, Mr. Bolton Smith, have such organizations in common with the organization of the Knights of Labor?

* * *

That organization does not seek to carry out its ideas according to the laws of the land, through the ballot-box and by the making and administering of such laws as are desired by a majority of the people and approved by the highest court which the people have established. It seeks, instead, to impose upon the country its own laws, its own rules, its own ideas, its own methods and its own rulers, having no regard to the constitution of the nation, or the wishes of the people. It says to the employer: You shall pay such and such wages; you shall conduct your business in such and such a manner, or we will boycott you; we will ruin

SEE OUR FRONT PAGE OF LAST WEEK.



"WHO LAUGHS LAST?"

your business altogether and beggar you utterly. It says to the workman: You shall work for such wages as we appoint, or we will take your work from you and make it impossible for you to earn a living.

* * *

There, Mr. Smith, is the difference between the Knights of Labor, as an organization, and any one of the existing political parties. If one of these parties attempted to arrogate to itself such powers as the Knights of Labor assume, we should condemn it as promptly as we have condemned the Knights of Labor. The moment that the Republican party says to the citizen: You shall belong to our organization, or we will take your living from you—that moment we shall denounce the Republican party as a mischievous and lawless association. The moment that the Democratic party says to an American: You shall work as we wish you to, or you shall not work at all—that moment we shall demand of the courts that they send every manager of the party to jail as a common criminal.

* * *

There is the one point to which we call your attention, Mr. Smith. There are other things in your letter on which we might comment; but we think you will agree with us that they are of minor importance. We might tell you, at length, that while we do not believe that the average trades union is a useful or well-managed concern, we hold the principle of independent local unions to be better than the idea of a general association of men who have nothing in common save this—that they all work with their hands. We might ask you if you thought it wise to make a distinction between such men and men who work in other ways. We might inquire whether the Knights of Labor have really done anything worth speaking of, for workingmen or for any other men, beyond inciting to riot and bloodshed, and unsettling business generally. We might even ask you whether you thought that uneducated and inexperienced men were always the best judges of what was best for themselves. But we will only ask you to consider this one point deliberately and impartially.

AUTUMN.



CSTATIC SUMMER has wrapped her scanty raiment about her shapely form, kissed her hand to the congregation, and gone smiling out at the back-door. Cool, breezy autumn has entered, laid aside her hat, hung her sealskin-coat in a convenient closet, and taken full possession of the premises.

The wise poet now writes his spring poems for the magazines, and the thoughtful rural housewife half-soles Ebenezer's winter pantaloons.

The bumble-bee has ceased to bumble, or ceased to be, whichever you prefer, and the song of the infernal lawn-mower is hushed.

The sun has lost some little of his brilliancy, but the daughter, under her new autumn hat, shines more brightly than heretofore.

The small boy and the pumpkin-pie are becoming inextricably mixed, and the amateur sportsman is coming home with one "cotton-tail" in his bag and two fingers off his right hand.

The old bald-headed weather prophet begins to predict a hard winter, and the twelve-dollar overcoat that was marked down to five dollars last spring is now on sale at fourteen dollars.

Fresh country butter, just out of pickle, is going up, and the philanthropist is thinking about giving his linen trousers to the poor.

Sweet Diana hieth home from the sea with a tired cast of countenance, seven trunks, and pangs of doubt in connection with the perfectly lovely young man she met at Long Branch.

John Henry, who has been recuperating all summer out at his Uncle Ephraim's, comes back to the city with a sun-browned skin, a full stock of malaria, a box of quinine, and the scars of a hundred combats with the mosquitos of Skaggs's Hollow, and learns that the girl he loved better than all the world, has engaged herself to his red-headed rival.

The sweet-scented summer-hotel clerk has taken his old familiar place behind the hosiery counter, at nine dollars per week, and will now speak civilly to a plain, unassuming millionaire.

The cheerful horticulturist lays the mammoth beet upon the table of the rural journalist, and the rural journalist, after remarking in the most cold-blooded manner that "it can't be beat," finds it a tough and stringy fraud.

The Uncle Tom's Cabin Company, with an unprecedented array of talent, including three lean hounds and a meditative jackass, once more takes the road with a combination name that reaches twice across a full-sheet poster.

The woman-shopper, who can't resist the temptation to buy things when they are selling at ruinous prices, paralyzes her husband with a bill for a dray-load of summer goods.

The owner of the cellar-furnace heaves a deep and painful sigh as he sees the savings of a year go into the coffers of the heartless coal-merchant.

The red-nosed tramp, who has not been find-

ing work since early spring-time, can no longer wrap the firmament about him and lay him down to pleasant dreams, and he goeth cityward with fresh-laid longings for free soup and metropolitan scenes.

The man whose wife owns a century-plant in a tub, makes his annual pilgrimage with it down the cellar-stairs, then crawls out from beneath it, sits upright, and relieves his pent-up feelings by the use of language that turns the morning's milk to clabber.

The annual county fair breaks out with nineteen crazy-quilts, a wagon-load of big pumpkins, seven side-shows, and a free-for-all three-best-in-five-to-harness, and the exhibitor who has the most relations on the committees of award goeth about with a saintly smile and a contented look in his off-eye.

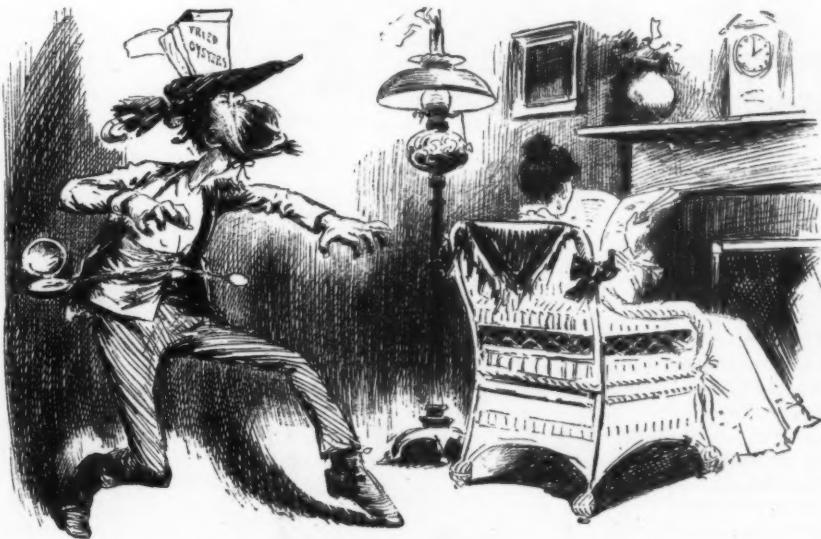
And the busy housewife gathers together her brooms, and brushes, and scrub-buckets, and mops, and dust-rags, and tack-hammers and things, while her husband fleeth to the woodshed and exclaimeth: "There is no peace on earth for the man who has wedded the woman with a broom."

SCOTT WAY.

AFTER ALL, the things that are most "packed like sardines in a box," are shinners and minnows.

HOW MANY pints in a quart? Well, if you go by pint claret-bottles, we should say about three.

THE EVIL INFLUENCE OF B. BILL.



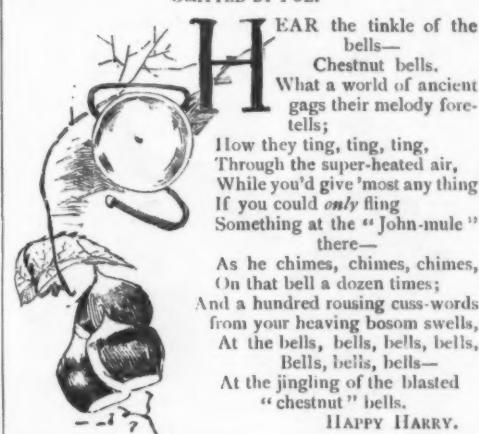
The Professor came home rather early the other morning. He had been to see the Indians, and felt like a school-boy. "Whoop-oop-oop!"



But his wife had been a school-teacher and knew how to handle just such cases, and the Professor took the Spanish promenade to bed.

THE BELLS.

OMITTED BY POE.



HEAR the tinkle of the bells—
Chestnut bells.
What a world of ancient
gags their melody fore-
tells;
How they ting, ting, ting,
Through the super-heated air,
While you'd give 'most any thing
If you could *only* fling
Something at the "John-mule"
there—
As he chimes, chimes, chimes,
On that bell a dozen times;
And a hundred rousing cuss-words
from your heaving bosom swells,
At the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
At the jingling of the blasted
"chestnut" bells.
HAPPY HARRY.

A CERTAIN TYPE of writer—not a type-writer, but an author—is contemptuously dubbed a hack. This is not so. If he were a hack, the editor would be a hack-driver. And if the editor were a hack-driver, he would, no doubt, be better off in this world's goods.

WE HAVE just read a story in which "the red sun was sinking behind the western hills." This is all right. If the blue sun had been setting behind the eastern hills it would have been different, and the writer would have made a sensation.

IT WAS a lately landed and newly-made Irish Alderman of a Western city, who thought an imposing emolument should be erected to the memory of St. Patrick in the city park.

"DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT?" we are asked by an E. C. It does. It prohibits the Jingo statesman from Portland to Aroostook.

THE RHINOCEROS has skin several inches thick, but we will bet a healthy Jersey mosquito could tackle one and get there just the same.

IN HIS "India Revisited," Edwin Arnold prints a poem bearing the queer title of "The Snake and the Baby."

We suppose, of course, that the baby got struck amidships with something, and gin was applied for the relief of the same, and hence the snake.

A CERTAIN LECTURER must feel sick over the typographical error that made him the star of the Nostrum.

SOME TOURISTS were recently lost in the Adirondack wilderness. They probably carried guide-books.

IN OUR press-rooms, several of the best feeders have dyspepsia.

A BOGUS CHECK is generally a forgery on the face of it.

THE BEST remedy for sleeplessness is to be put on the police force.

A RIOT is usually a free-stone affair.

THE MAN WHO STAYS AT HOME ALL SUMMER.
THE SORT OF THING HE HAS TO LISTEN TO WHEN HIS FRIENDS RETURN TO TOWN.



"Yes, I was up in the Catskills—ah-h-h, you've no idea of the grandeur of the scenery way up there," etc., etc.



"Of course it was rather expensive at Newport, but the society was mighty fine, I tell you; met an awfully swell girl there—father worth a couple o' millions—took her riding every day," etc., etc.

McGRUDER'S REPUTATION.

THE reputation of William McGruder reached Red Dog before he did. A man's reputation has a weakness for doing this sort of thing. The good men do lives after them—in the columns of magazines, newspapers, *et al.*

William McGruder's reputation consisted of two mouse-colored mules, a salted claim, and a private grave-yard. When McGruder reached Red Dog, his reputation confronted him. He was mad, not at Red Dog, but at the measly-hided reputation. Up at Sandy Bar, his reputation was about all he owned. Down here in Red Dog, they took away his reputation, and left him stark and naked, wrapped in the gauzy mantle of too, too solid facts. No man likes this sort of thing; but there was no other alternative, and McGruder was obliged to accept the edict of the gods. The gods of Red Dog chewed tobacco, quaffed rye, wore red flannel-shirts, knives, pistols, and looks of stern determination.

McGruder was a small man, and wore a boy's shirt-collar; but his reputation measured two hundred miles across the bias, from Sandy Bar down to Red Dog, and weighed two thousand pounds to the square yard. It was an all-absorbing, usurping, haughty sort of a reputation, and hung like a forty horse-power trip-hammer about his neck.

To swell his proud reputation, McGruder ordered one of Red Dog's influential citizens to up with his dukes, while he—McG.—went through his duds. This little annex to his already elongated reputation was the last straw.

It floundered about the façades, gables and other architectural beauties of the reputation, until the upheaval took place, and the roof caved in.

The gods of Red Dog lifted McGruder's reputation to the realm of lurid glory with a rope.

The moon came out and smiled; the coyotes barked, and the zephyrs murmured a low, plaintive murmur, while McGruder swung there in the shadow, surrounded by his reputation.

H. S. KELLER.

THE Sun heads an editorial: "What the Farmers Want." Our experience with a number of farmers has been, that they want to let out every available room on their premises at New York hotel prices during the Summer months, and then starve you to death.

A DELICATESSEN DEALER announces bird-sausages. We suppose they come in bob o' links.



"Ah, old fellow, you should have joined me on my bicycle trip; rolling over the smooth country roads with the cool breezes fanning your brow," etc., etc.



"Well, sir, I boarded at the best hotel in the place, right by the lake; finest table I ever sat down to; all the luxuries of the season, and all they charged was two dollars and fifty cents a week," etc., etc.

MR. BLAINE,
Up in Maine,
Seltzer makes elate.
But down here,
Lager beer,
Gin or whiskey straight.

A DIME MUSEUM, always up to the times and on the lookout for new attractions, advertises for a piano that never was awarded a gold medal by a World's Exposition.

THE PASSAIC RIVER twists about so much in its course that young men sail on it in order to become effective curve-pitchers.

DEFINITIONS OF THE DAY

FOOTLIGHTS—Coryphées.

IN SO MANY WORDS—Evarts.

LONG-WINED—The Cyclone.

NET WORK—Drawing a Seine.

OVER YOUR HEAD—Your Hat.

GRASS-HOPPERS—Hay-Cutters.

OLD FAVORITES—Jokes in *Punch*.

A MAN OF THE WORLD—Pulitzer.

BOUND IN RUSSIA—The Nihilists.

THE WIDOW'S MITE—One-Third.

JUST FOR A LARK—Shelley's Ode.

BLAZING AWAY—Autumn Foliage.

MARKED FOR "LIFE"—The Dude.

A SAILOR'S KNOT—A Marine Mile.

BALLS AND CHAINS—Intemperance.

UNDER WATER—The Prohibitionists.

A GREEN GROCER—One That Trusts.



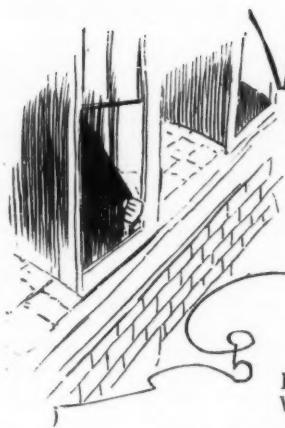
"Prettiest spot in America to spend your vacation—I'll tell you how to get there, in case you ever want to go; here's Bagville, right here; you get there at 8:17, then you take the 9:34 train on the N. Y. & W. to Gufftown, and from there you take a stage to—" etc., etc.



"Talk about big fish—why, I caught one that measured—" etc., etc.

THE REVISED BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

(Viewed in the New Light Given Us By a Recent Contributor to The "Century's" War Papers.)



WHEN over the mountains, riding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick Town,
The "rebs" marched over the mountain wall
With their usual clatter and usual gall,
Barbara Frietchie bedridden lay,
And knew no odds 'twixt blue and gray.

Whittier says not, but he didn't know—
(At least, so the *Century* war papers show.)

Though forty flags with their silver stars
And forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped all morning, and then came down,
When the hungry rebels came to town—

Barbara Frietchie didn't mind,
She couldn't see 'em—being blind.

When up the street came the gray-clad boys,
She probably muttered: "O, drat their noise!"

And to Stonewall Jackson, riding ahead,
Never a syllable Barbara said.

She didn't lean out of her window-sill
To shake the flag with a royal will.

No! Barbara Frietchie, so they say,
Stayed in bed on that autumn day.

The "shade of sadness and blush of shame"
Which the poet alludes to, never came.

Therefore, the salty but well-meant tear
Will please cease falling on Stonewall's bier—

"Tis twenty odd years since the fight was o'er—
And the rebel rides on his raids no more,

But heroes in blue and the same in gray
Love to tell of that awful day—

When hearing the conquering rebel tread,
Barbara Frietchie stayed in bed.



And valorous generals love to stalk
Through well-paid pages of gory talk.

Blood-red ink and fierce steel pen,
In the *Century*, meet and fight again—

Flag of freedom and union, wave
O'er the land of the true but inky brave!

W. C. EDGAR.

BASE-BALL SLAVERY.



UR E. C., the *Sun*, has recently pointed out the fact that the professional base-ball player is a slave. He is as surely in chains as any slave ever was, and he is bought and sold at will by the clubs, without being able to say a word.

If he does say a word, he is pronounced a "kicker," and fined. An exchange recently alluded to a certain Western player as "the greatest orator of the League," on the strength of having "kicked" seventy dollars' worth during a single game.

But, perhaps this is all irrelevant to the slavery point. When we say base-ball players are slaves, we say so because they are bought and sold and exchanged.

We frequently see such items as these in the sporting notes of our various contemporaries:

Skowhegan offers Mackerelville \$2,000, and Smith to boot, for Dinkelspiel.

Mugtown has a fine third baseman, in the person of Jorkins, for sale. The price is \$1,000 for the balance of the season.

Jigglebean was recently fined ten dollars for wearing his hat backwards.

Sendthemswifl, the pitcher of the Pelican Stars, is all broken down, and the P. S.'s offer the Jersey Blues \$600 for the use of their "twirler" Biggens for two months.

Thus it will be seen that base-ball players are slaves, and nothing else. We would therefore suggest, that if it is slavery, it would be eminently proper to conduct it on the most advantageous business principles.

To this end it would be proper, nay, eminently proper, to establish a Base-Ball Exchange, similar in working and purpose to the Stock Exchange. Seats could be easily sold at the start for five hundred dollars apiece, and each club could have its brokers in the vicinity. These brokers could scream out the names of the players for sale, and the prices, and the proceedings would be reported daily in the financial columns of the morning papers. A man with a seat in the Base-Ball Exchange would be a real swell, and, altogether, the transactions of the different

clubs would be settled with a dignity that would tend to elevate the standard of the game.

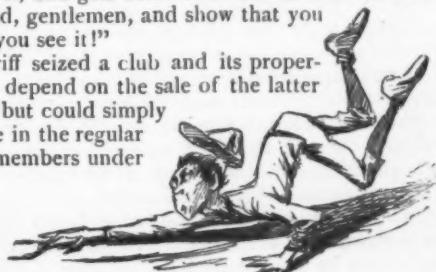
But, if the Stock Exchange idea be impracticable, it would not be a bad idea for the clubs to establish a slave-market, and sell players right under the hammer. Clubs with weak players could thus dispose of them to inferior clubs, or even to the best clubs of inferior associations.

The auctioneer could stand up and say:

"Here we have a fine short-stop," tapping him on the shoulder: "he has been playing two seasons with the Leather Hunters, and one season led the batting record. How much, gentlemen, do you offer me for this gentlemanly all-round player? Start it up, gentlemen, I don't love the music of my voice enough to talk for fun! Did I understand that gentleman with the porous-plaster growing up over his collar to say eight hundred dollars? All right, eight hundred dollars it is! Eight hundred! eight hundred! eight hundred! Gentlemen, this is a rare chance. This great short-stop can run the bases in twelve seconds, and he never knocks a sky ball. The Leather Hunters had to release him because no clubs would play them with this invincible in the nine. Who says a thousand dollars? All right, a thousand dollars it is! A thousand! a thousand! This is dirt cheap, gentlemen, dirt cheap! This man is a great all-round player. He is a whole battery in himself. He pitches the ball, runs on ahead of it, and gets behind the bat in time to catch it. Make it fifteen hundred, gentlemen, and show that you know a good thing when you see it!"

Then, when the sheriff seized a club and its properties, he would not have to depend on the sale of the latter to make his claims good; but could simply advertise a foreclosure sale in the regular way, and auction off the members under the red flag.

This, we think, would be the best way to carry on the business of base-ball slavery.



A PISCATORIAL TRAGEDY.



OWN East, some ingenious Yankee has invented an electric light contrivance, by which fishing may be carried on at night-time. That may do for some, but for myself, I would as soon think of fishing for suckers in Madison Square as fishing by an electric light on the old river where the white-barked sycamore and green-leaved maple meet over the deepest, darkest, snuggest, clearest bass-hole in all the world. I'd be ashamed to look any honest black-striped, red-eyed old bass in the eye, if I assaulted his safety in any such unprofessional way. I'd feel like a cross between a sneak-thief and a foot-pad.

I trust no one will think, from these sentiments, that I'm immaculate. On the contrary, I have been guilty of piscatorial deceptions, both in capturing the game, and in relating the incidents to admiring and credulous friends, but never have I used an electric light—and so long as the sun keeps on shining, and the wind continues to blow from the west and the south, and I can manage to smuggle a day out of the office, I never shall. This may sound a trifle heroic, but on occasions of this sort I sometimes rise to heights, as well as poets and base-ball catchers.

The last flagrant deception I practiced was in the month of May, many years ago, and I trust my youthfulness will plead my excuse.

It was before I had learned how to tangle a line into a million knots, fasten my flies into all the shrubs in the neighborhood, and snap my rod in twain. It was before I was an angler, and when I was a simple fisher and caught fish. I had a pole cut from a bush, a line bought in a dry-goods store, a common hook, and grub-worms for bait. I sat by the side of this same old bass-hole, and let the tempting bait sink gently beneath the placid waters. There was a rush, a swirl, and my heart and pole experienced simultaneous emotions of activity.

A brief pause, a vigorous jerk, and I landed by my side a great old bass, grizzly with age, fat, strong and vigorous. I never shall forget the look of surprise and sadness which came into his face, as he glanced into my eyes and realized that I had deceived him—I, of all fishers. Such base ingratitude! So cruel a capture! I felt it, even through my triumph, but I didn't throw him back. At times, the best of us are weak, fishers as well as sinners.

In those long seasons preceding this, this old bass had come to regard me as more than a friend. I was his benefactor and his chum. When first in the season he saw me, there was a holiday in his household, and every one feasted at my expense. Thenceforth until fall, for four days in each week, he gave his butcher a rest, relying on my never-failing generosity, and his grocer, lived on half-orders. Each time I patiently dropped a choice morsel into the water, he would rise lazily to its level, and, with grateful courtesy, disentangle it from the hook, swallow it leisurely, wipe his mouth with his fins, rise to the surface, give me a glance of gratitude, and then descend to the shadow of the log to await the next tidbit. Nor did he wait long. His wife and children shared the food with rigid impartiality, and thus, in time, they all grew to love me. He learned to know when to expect me, and the household clock was regulated by my appearance. His calendar also determined upon my comings, and likewise his costume upon my goings, so trustful had he become with years.

I was his instructor as well as provider. Indeed, he learned all he knew of theology from such off-hand remarks as were wont to escape me when the bait ran low too early in the day, and his family learned to regard me with a veneration beyond the lot of most men to enjoy. Even his eldest child, the pride of the family, bore my name as a mark of his esteem and affectionate regard.

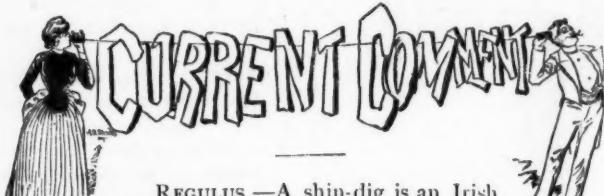
This, my friends, was the noble fish I fooled. But one comfort now sustains me, even like a wealthy and generous father-in-law. It wasn't done by an electric light. Those of you who have married into

rich and philanthropic families can judge, from my remarks, how great a prop this is. Sinful I may have been, wicked and depraved, but never unprofessional. So much do I value this, that since that time, in all the vicissitudes of life, I have steadily refused to part with it, even for a short time, or on the most advantageous offers, although frequently urged to do so by fraternal relatives of my father. If, by any chance, my insurance policy lapses, it can not be said that I left my family altogether penniless. I allow no deceased person in any community to get ahead of me in valuing properly a good name.

BENJAMIN NORTHRUP.



ABSLUTELY



REGULUS.—A shin-dig is an Irish picnic, and not a kick such as is delivered in a purring-match. So you think a purring-match a cat-fight, eh? Well, you are wrong—it is not; neither can a quilting-bee sting. Why can't a quilting-bee sting? Why, because the quilt is in the way. Which way? Why, straight ahead two blocks, then turn to your left, gramercy. By our halidome, vile caitiff, we will, with pleasure. Waiter, two cocktails, quick!

"HAVE YOU read 'Izaak Walton on Angling'?" asked one man of another the other day.

"No, I haven't," replied the other: "and I don't want to if the Plunger doesn't know any more about fishing than he does about horses."

WE ARE told, by a scientific contemporary, that iron axles are more effective than steel axles. We are not sure, because we positively know that the bare sight of either an iron or steel axe'll put a tramp looking for work to flight in about the hundredth part of a jiffy.

THEY SAY a piece of zinc on the coals will clean a stove-pipe. This is probably cheaper than having it blocked while you wait.

AN AUSTRALIAN is now anxious to run a series of races with Myers. He will, no doubt, find the American "too fly" for him.

A CHICAGO JEWELER has invented a self-winding watch. The Waterbury Watch Company ought to buy him outright.

WHEN A NEW ENGLANDER dies of dyspepsia, it is perfectly proper to say that he has been knocked pie-high.

IT DOESN'T seem exactly consistent for Blaine to speak kindly of Prohibition, and then live at Bar Harbor.

WHAT IS a check-line? Just step into a bank at about 2:30 P. M., on Saturday, and see for yourself.

WHERE IS COBBLESKILL? We think at Lynn, or thereabout. Ask any knight of the waxed-end.

AS A GENERAL THING, the bald-headed deacon is a great fly-fisher. So is the stormy petrel.



I OWN THEM ALL.

own them all—the flush-full May,
The dazzling beams of garish day
That fall athwart a glimpse of June—
I own the birds that pipe in tune
Their sweet-concerted roundelay.

The dancing, dainty summer spray,
The roses red that scent the way,
And love-lorn Lilian in a croon—
I own them all.

And lissome Juliet, blithe and gay,
As she and Romeo artless stray
Beneath a bright September moon—
Oh, I'm a great poetic loon,
By contract I'm a bard—so say
I own them all.

NATHAN M. LEVY.

SKETCHES OF CITY LIFE.

v.

Not by J. Fenimore Cooper.

CENTURIES of summer suns had scorched the bald summits of the great masses of primeval rock that ended abruptly for the passage of the newly graded streets of northern Manhattan, and on their rugged fronts were seen the smooth, semi-tubular marks of the cold steel drill. The squatters, or Bedouins as we prefer to call them, harassed by the march of civilization and the real estate agents, looked upon the marks as branded by the finger of the evil spirit Gitout. On one of these eminences the solitary figure of a man stood out in clear relief against the summer sky. A peculiar, cat-like cry from somewhere below was answered from above, and a ladder was soon pushed over the side.

"We are all right for a while," cried the climber, as soon as he recovered his breath: "By the tough red herring, Oldsocks, we had a close shave to-day."

The person addressed as Oldsocks silently drew up the ladder, and placing the stub end of a black looking object in his mouth, struck a lucifer match on a canvas patch in his trousers, that seemed to be placed where the match would naturally strike, and gazed thoughtfully on the scene about him, while he sent little clouds of silvery smoke into the eternal blue of the arched heavens. He had earned his name by being the only one among them who wore anything on his feet besides leather.

His companion was a giant in strength, and was known as Paddy-the-hoss. The friends looked about them with more concern in their glances than they were accustomed to show. There was in truth good cause for alarm, for they had been hard-pressed of late by their natural enemy, the land hunters. But they clung to their fastnesses with dogged courage, and nothing but dynamite seemed likely to move them. There were many among them who still remembered the time when they had undisputed possession of what is now down-town to the fashionable world. It is no wonder the Bedouins were bitter toward mankind, and gazed with sorrow over the narrow strip of rock and marsh, which, with the rest of Manhattan, must soon be lost to them forever.

While the two friends were talking of the danger to their homes, a female form was seen to glide among the martin-houses and dog-kennels in the hollow made by four intersecting streets. An ordinary observer might pass along the streets without suspecting that human beings lived in these abodes, whereas they were not only occupied by a large tribe of Bedouins, but by dogs that instinctively hated new comers, hens, ducks, geese, cats, cows, and goats. The latter, however, lived more naturally with the cliff dwellers. Little-Gold-Dollar (for that was the name of the female), was the pet terror of the settlement. It was through her efforts that they had preserved their homes in spite of the Street Commissioners, and they called her Little-Gold-Dollar, having no word in their language meaning jewel. The girl was attired in the simple, picturesque style peculiar to the Bedouins of Upper New York. Her dress was made of the material sometimes used in window curtains. Her face had those marks of courageous beauty which are so much prized by her people. It was her fearless hand that had guided the brick kept for the census-taker, and it was principally on her account that the policeman remembered not to go too near the colony. She had shown herself capable at times of the fury of a whirlwind. But, like a true child of her ancestors, she made the earth



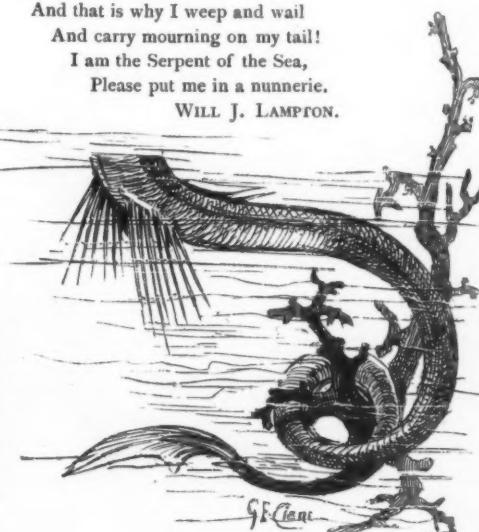
AM the Serpent of the Sea!
You've read, perhaps, accounts of me;
I sweep along old Ocean's shore;
I sometimes lift my head and roar;
I cool my tail in Arctic seas,
The while I rest my head
at ease

Upon the shores that lie far South
Beyond the mighty river's mouth.
Three meals a day I make on ships,
And with their sails I wipe my lips.
Whene'er I breathe, the papers say:
"A cyclone swept the shore to-day,"
And when in sport my sides I lave,
They tell about the tidal wave.
I am the Serpent of the Sea!

You've read, perhaps,
accounts of me.

But I digress—I have a wail
Which pierces me from head to tail;
That I'm capacious is my boast,
But recently, along the coast,
I met a man, I know quite well,
Who keeps a very grand hotel.
I told him that I'd have to eat
His house and contents, as a treat;
He coaxed and parleyed begged and plead,
I would not yield, I must be fed.
Despairing, then, he cried: "At least,
I hope, I may arrange the feast."
I said: "Of course"—away he went,
And after several hours were spent
He called me up, and then I saw
What even my capacious maw
Could not contain, unless it burst—
He fixed it so his bill came first!
And that is why I weep and wail
And carry mourning on my tail!
I am the Serpent of the Sea,
Please put me in a nunnery.

WILL J. LAMPTON.



wish now that some poet would find something that we could feel to be shekels without the wings. We think the man who could clip the wings of gold so that it could not fly from us, would be almost equal to the inventor of a system by which debts could wipe themselves out.

WHAT WAS a "nigger funeral" twenty-five years ago is now a "colored interment." The world keeps moving.

tremble only when the man came with the "dispossess" papers. Many a tale of hair-breadth escapes is told by the young men who have risked their scalps in serving papers on Little-Gold-Dollar's people.

Oldsocks descended from the rocks, and picked his way carefully among the thistles to the edge of the frog-pool, and there waited for the girl to arrive. It was now near nightfall, and the gloom of the hour hung in rarely beautiful malarious clouds over the distant bosom of the noble Harlem, the placid queen of rivers. The great red eye on the rear car of the Yonkers express moved out of the Fourth Avenue Tunnel, and wormed its mysterious way on toward Spuyten Duyvil. The long, graceful limbs of the towering giants of Central Park forest could no longer be distinguished. Soon a crunching sound on the newly dumped gravel, and a rattling among the fresh rubbish heaps, told the trained ears of the man that the girl was there. Bold and fearless as Oldsocks was in every danger, in the presence of this girl he was confused and even timid. She was the first to speak.

"I have," she said: "I have a strange feeling that we shall soon part forever. It came to me in a dream from the great chief this morning. Dad says I must get out and hustle for myself."

Oldsocks bowed his head in silence, and when he looked up the girl had disappeared as stealthily as she had come.

It only remains now to tell of the fate of Little-Gold-Dollar. The inborn pride of a great race is as strong as a forest oak, and although nothing definite was afterward heard of her, it was rumored from time to time among the rock-dwellers that a certain dish-washing lady of rare beauty ruled the kitchen of a down-town restaurant with an iron hand. Whether or not this was Little-Gold-Dollar, Oldsocks was never able to find out.

W. T. CALL.

A PENNSYLVANIA EXCHANGE tells us what it knows about "Poisoned Whiskey." We fancy the astute Pennsylvanian put a drop or two of the Schuylkill into it, and thereby got the information as beautifully set forth.

The Scientific American has a very interesting article on "Tobacco Blindness," but we'll venture to say that no smoker was ever so tobacco blind that he could not see the cigars sticking out of the top of a companion's vest-pocket.

THE PAWNBROKING system of lending money upon articles of value has caused much misery in this world, and we never fail to shed tears when we think of poor Uncle Ned who was compelled to hang up his fiddle and his bow.

IT IS often the case that a husband has to do a good deal of d---g before his wife will do any darning.

A FRENCH POET says that "Friendship is love without the wings." We wish now that some poet would find something that we could feel to be shekels without the wings. We think the man who could clip the wings of gold so that it could not fly from us, would be almost equal to the inventor of a system by which debts could wipe themselves out.



GENEROUS RIVALRY IN

PUCK.



VALOR IN A GOOD CAUSE.

HEDITH'S AUTUMN AGONY.



You ask me why I'm ill at ease,
And why I'm sad and glum?
Just listen, then, and hear me
chant
My little tumty tum.

Last June, when roses were
in bloom,
And all the air was scented,
With twenty-seven mammoth
trunks
All through the land I went.

I went to mountain-top and shore
And had my share of fun;
But I was happiest when I met
Van Beekman Cortlandtson.

I met him on the coast of Maine
While climbing on the rocks;
This wealthy dude, whose parents are
A pair of Knickerbocks.

He took me in the tossing sea,
And candy to me sent;
And then we won the doubles in
The tennis tournament.

He took me in the german oft,
He took me out to row—
And really, way down in my
heart

I thought it was a go.

But now the days are growing
chill,
Dead leaflets fill the air;
And I am in my cosy home,
Not far from Madison Square.

The reason I am ill at ease,
And dreary, sad and
glum—
So much that I must chant
to you

My little tumty tum,



Is that Van Cortlandtson his tile
Hangs never in our hall;
Long since I sent my card to him—
The derned chump won't call!

THE THERMOMETRICAL POND.

IT was last August that I first made the acquaintance of the thermometrical pond. It was a pretty hot day, and it was suggested that a bath would be about the most refreshing treat we could have.

So the horse was hitched up, and we drove down to Bryant's Mill. Let me say here, that there is nothing like having a horse when you want to go swimming. It is all very well walking to the pond, but it is all very unwell walking back. Every mile you walk toward the pond seems a yard; but every yard walking back seems a mile.

At last we got in, and I then, for the first time, knew it was a thermometrical pond. That is, the water at the top was warm, say eighty degrees, and the further you went down the colder it became. Probably, at a depth of fifteen feet, it was zero. I would tread water with perspiration on my forehead, and my feet freezing. Then I would dive down and cool my head off, and let my feet stick out of the water and cook a little in the sun. When diving, I thought it would be pleasanter to have on ear-muffs and a sealskin cap; and when treading water, Arc-tics seemed to be about the thing.

Once I dove down so far that I struck ice. I regretted that I didn't have on a diving-bell. If I had, I might have had a good time skating. I also might have chopped out cakes of ice, and let them rise to the top, and started an ice company.

As soon as my toes were frozen I was obliged to float for awhile to warm up, and when I got

out my blood was eight or ten different temperatures. If I had had a good load of mercury on, I should have been a human thermometer, with the mercury in my boots.

I should like to be Mr. Bryant. I would cut ice all summer and get rich. I should also fix a pivot in each end of the pond, and make a revolving body of water of it. In hot weather I should turn the cold side up, and have skating and a cool summer resort, and in winter I should turn the hot side up and keep the hotel open for the benefit of people who are fond of boating and swimming.

R. K. M.

MR. WILSON BARRETT is coming to America "purely for the love of art," and will charge an extra price for seats purely for the love of money. Art and money these days are first-cousins.

ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA should not be confounded with the Alexander who made a specialty of looking around for new worlds to conquer.

IT IS not generally thought that Victoria's expressed sympathy for the Charleston unfortunate will materially affect her bank account.

IF AN earthquake should occur in New York, Whitelaw Reid's address would be the centre of City Hall Park.

WHEN LOGAN shaves it is said that he hangs his moustaches over his ears.

LABOR DAY is so called because no one labors on that day.

MEXICAN WAR BALLADS.

I.—THE CENTRE STREET AVENGERS.

"H
ow are you, Colonel Kerrigan, how are you, Colonel Pike,
How are you, gallant gentlemen, and what do you feel
like?
My stars, old Colonel Slaughter! and here is Colonel
Blood!
And Colonel Holmes and Colonel Ham, and Colonel
Bob McFud!"

"How does the Fourth Ward rally, and does she pine
to go
A-marching down to Texas, and to the old Rio;
And will you cross the river, and take the first turnpike,
That leads to Cher-u-bus-co, or what do you feel like?"

Then up spake Colonel Kerrigan, and up spake Colonel
Pike,
And Colonel Ham, and many more, as many as you like,
And they caused so much contention, and they raised so
loud a roar,
That you couldn't tell for minutes what Colonel had
the floor.

At last a martial voice was heard above the mighty din,
The lion voice of Colonel Pike, and thus he did begin:
"I'd like to dive in Peon blood, way down at El Pa-so,
And swim in gore from the Rio Grande to ancient
Mexico."

"I should like to see the border, yet I'd rather rest my
eye,
Not so much upon the Rio, as upon a little rye;
And all of my grim comrades unanimously think,
As a preliminary, we'd like to take a drink!"

ERNEST, THE STABLEMAN, in his matrimonial affairs seems to be somewhat stalled.

A MINISTER MAKES money on Sunday; but
doesn't want anybody else to.



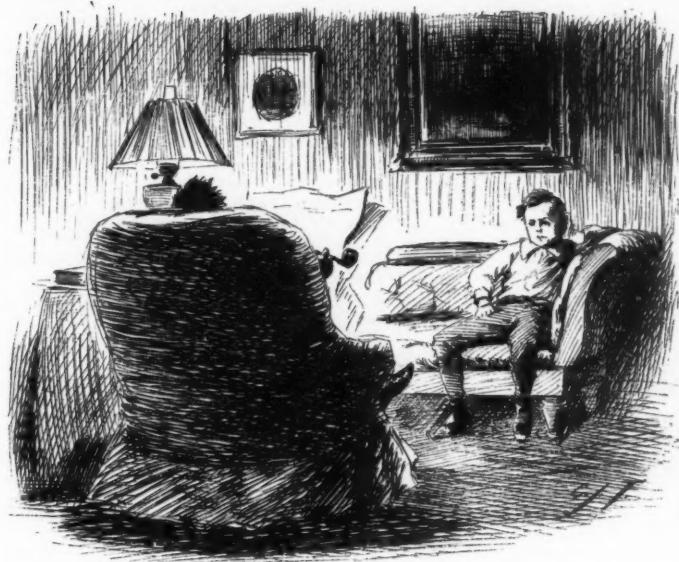
EVERY-DAY HYPOCRISY; OR, WHAT WE SAY AND WHAT WE MEAN.

No. I.

What she Says: "I'm awfully sorry you
must go so soon, Mr. Longwind. Why,
it's only eleven o'clock! What's your
hurry? You don't know how much I have
enjoyed your visit!"

What she Means: "Thank goodness,
you're going at last! If you had stayed
five minutes longer, I think I should have
had an attack of hysterics!"

AN ADVANCED STAGE.



"Pa," said Bobby, who was struggling to keep awake, and was prettily successful: "some people die of a green old age, don't they?"

"Yes."

"An' some die of a ripe old age?"

"Ya-as."

Bobby made a thoughtful pause, and then remarked:

"Well, Pa, I think Methuselah must have died of a rotten old age."

TRIUMPHANT BUNCOMBE.

MR. ANDREW D. CARNEGIE, the son of a poor Scotch weaver, has made a fortune of several millions by dealings in American oil, railways, steel and iron. He has given away certain generous sums for public purposes, which is praiseworthy. Being ambitious to gain public notice for something beside his wealth, he has taken to writing books, which is not blameworthy, provided that the writer is not prompted simply by a desire for notoriety, or for what Tupper calls "authorial reputation." Mr. Carnegie, aided by his secretary and one or two others, has compiled a book called "Triumphant Democracy," which is a wildly exulting whoop prolonged through 500 pages, over the exceeding bigness of the United States of America.

Well, we are glad that we are big, and we are proud of the American eagle. But was it necessary for a man born in a foreign country, who has never cast a vote in this, to do the rural Fourth of July oration business at this length for our benefit? We all know how Chicago has grown, how the Minneapolis flour business has increased, how immigration has poured in, and railroads have been built and manufactures developed.

But let us reason together. Is the biggest manufacturing country necessarily the most virtuous? Does the biggest wheat and corn-raising country necessarily have the most upright legislators? Suppose a hog is killed every second in Chicago, does that mean that the local government is pure, and social disorders like that caused by strikers and Anarchists are unknown? What shall be thought of the judgement which measures American literature by the fact that 107,000 tons of paper are annually used here, against 95,000 tons in the United Kingdom and 70,000 tons in France? Yet this is precisely the attitude which Mr. Carnegie takes throughout, and this stale, sophomoric cry: "We are big, therefore we are perfect," has tickled the fancy even of newspaper editors, who are old enough to know better.

Our bigness, according to Mr. Carnegie, means that our Democracy is triumphant over all other forms of government, all other social institutions. He has little to say about our "bosses" and "deals," our monopolies, the difficulty of removing partisanship from the Civil-Service, our faulty system of an elective judiciary, our rotten municipal governments, our dangers from universal suffrage, and from the war between Labor and Capital. Nor does he recognize the fact that a government appealing directly to the people on close issues, as in England and Canada, is more truly popular than ours. Mr. Carnegie deals only in "taffy."

But even on his own ground he is at fault. He boasts of the growth of our iron manufactures, but he omits to note the growth of this industry in the South. In ten years the production of pig iron in Alabama has increased 1,000 per cent., and Alabama iron is sold in Pittsburgh for two dollars a ton less than Pennsylvania iron to-day. Is it because Mr. Carnegie is a Pennsylvania iron-master that he has nothing to say of Southern

Hobart Richardson. Art and music, as well as literature, are measured with the yard-stick.

Coming to religion, he argues that Harvard students are far more pious now than at the beginning of the century, because they don't publicly write themselves down as sceptics. The falling off in the number of church members and intending ministers at Harvard is familiar to every one except Mr. Carnegie. Harvard students are indifferent to religious matters; but Mr. Carnegie seems to know even less of them than of our railroad and oil monopolies, and the iniquities of our transportation business, about which he is very silent.

He jeers at Canada; but is he ignorant that some important industrial statistics of this colony of a despotism show a larger percentage of gain in proportion to the population than the United States can show? Mr. Carnegie's rose-colored spectacles see but one side.

He constantly sets up the Queen and British institutions to be bowed down by statistics of American pork and wheat and miles of railroads. This is because in his native land he says he was "denied political equality"; but he seems to mean social equality. As the son of a Scotch weaver he seems to have felt that the haughty aristocracy looked down upon him. Having struck oil in America, he has found himself as good as any one else, or, as he puts it, "the peer of any man."

The "I'm as good as you are" spirit pervades his book. This is what we object to more than the vulgar jubilation over our bigness, or the entire absence of anything like discrimination or insight in the account of our country and its institutions. For this is as much snobishness as the attitude of the haughty aristocracy. A man who is not a snob, but modestly self-respectful, stands upon his own merits in any country. He is no less a man for not being invited to dine with the Queen. And he doesn't go about crying out that he is slighted, and casting stones at those who rank themselves above him. This book reminds one of a slave whose fetters have been removed, and who can only bellow his gratitude to his deliverer, and threats against his former master.

But let us reason together, again, Mr. Carnegie. If you had remained a poor weaver in the United States, would you have been admitted to the drawing-rooms of Fifth Avenue or Beacon Hill? You might have been "just as good" as Mr. Van Knickerbocker; but you wouldn't have entered his house unless by the area door. And, now that you have made your millions, haven't you found that these millions and the prestige of your success have gained you admittance to some very good houses in the aristocratic parts of London, and to the society of very high placed citizens of the "effete despotism"? Is the difference as great as you think? We know not.

We believe in our country and our government more sincerely than a man can who has never cast a vote at one of our elections. But we do not believe in a view of America which would make Jay Gould the perfect representative of triumphant Democracy, because he has the biggest number of dollars. We do not believe in mere spread-eagleism, and we supposed that the day for that had passed with intelligent men.

iron? He calls each immigrant worth fifteen dollars to us. Does he really think this of the Hungarians, Poles, and Italians, who work here for a few cents a day to save money enough to live upon at home? When he talks about the land we have to offer the immigrant, does he forget that nearly all our good public lands available for settlement have been taken up? Perhaps his idea of good land is the desolate mountains of Colorado. He describes Leadville as surrounded by an "Arcadia," the outlying district "populated by agriculturists." Leadville is surrounded by rocky mountains and barren gulches. And Mr. Carnegie does not say how much money has been lost in gold and silver mining, although he has plenty to say of the gains.

Coming to architecture, he brags of our hideous fourteen-story buildings. There is not a word concerning the most significant feature of American architecture, the adaptation of the Romanesque, whose thousands of rounded arches in this country are a memorial to Henry

PUCKERINGS

OUR E. C., the *Northwestern Miller*, advertises "Gray's Patent Double-Scalping Machines." For the sake of our far West friends, we trust that Uncle Sam will never send any of Gray's machines to poor Lo.

RECENTLY A MAN traveled along Broadway as a walking advertisement of a shoe warranted to make a man travel fast. If there was any thing convincing in the legend on the placard, the sandwich's miserable limp destroyed it.

ALTHOUGH THE man who swings a pick-axe for a living has a pretty hard time of it every day of his life, it can not be denied that, of all the modes of earning a livelihood, he takes his pick. Police!

SHAKSPERE SAYS: "Who steals my purse steals trash;" from which we infer that he never put his hand in his pocket to pay for a round, only to discover that some pickpocket had been through him.

A NEAR-SIGHTED woman will wear the enamel off her eye-balls, trying to read the postmark on a letter, when she can learn it in a second by tearing open the envelope.

THE LION is a mane-shaker when he is on the war-path; but Blaine is not, and can not be, on the stump or off of it. He is not a sufficiently artful dodger on the rum question.

WHEN A CONTORTIONIST can not secure an engagement, he comes to the conclusion that the times are out of joint.

IF A KNOB would only cling to its place on a bureau-drawer as it does to a bed!

ANOTHER OF PUCK'S E. C.'S—*The Northwestern Miller*—Patsy Cardiff.

A CHURCH FAIR exchange is generally robbery from Robberyville.

THE LAST SCENE in a servant-girl's life is often kerosene.

THE CHAPEAU DE CORN.



A Natural Evolution of this Season's Fashion in Hats.

—From the German.

*Fred: Brown's
Ginger,-*

1822.

1886.

"Cheap Drugs, are "
 "the dearest things on Earth"
 when a man is
 cramped, he needs Fred:
Brown's Ginger, even if
 the price is 50 cents. - &
 he has no use for any
 of the cheap imitations,
 which flood the market &
 are merely compounds of
 Cayenne Pepper, or even
 worse - Avoid them.

Fred: Brown.
Philad:.



TYPE SETTING, etc.
easy. Printed directions.
For business, home use, or
money making. For old
and young. Send 3 stamps for
Catalogue of Presses, Types,
Paper, Cards, &c., to the
factory.
KELSEY & CO.
Meriden, Conn.

A MAN gave a next-door neighbor's dog some nitro-glycerine pills. An hour later the dog came snarling at the man's heels, and the latter, in an absent-minded manner, planted a vigorous kick between the animal's ribs. The dog instantly went away in divers pieces, and the doctor says the man will live if blood-poisoning doesn't follow the amputation of his right foot. The owner of the dog has concluded not to prosecute.—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine*.

ESTABLISHED 1818.
Nine Gold and First-Class Medals.
PURVEYOR BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS TO THE
ROYAL DANISH COURT, IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURT,
AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.
PETER F. HEERING'S
COPENHAGEN CHERRY CORDIAL.
(KIRSEBAER LIQUEUR)
INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.
FOR SALE BY WINE MERCHANTS AND CROCERS
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.
LUYTIES BROTHERS,
GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 573 Broadway,
Cor. Prince Street. NEW YORK. No. 1 Wall Street,
Cor. Broadway.



"TONY" FAUST'S
Oyster House, Restaurant,
Southern Terrace and
Fulton Market
are the most attractive resorts of
ST. LOUIS.

Prominent Men and Dis-
tinguished Travelers from all
parts of the World may al-
ways be met here.

704

TEN TO SEVEN.

I MET a little city boy
Returning from the field,
He bore a club beneath his arm
As big as he could wield.

His Waterbury watch and chain
With pride he did display,
"My little lad," (said I), "I fain
Would know the time of day."

A smile lit up his merry face
As though 'twas born of heaven,
"I played," he cried: "on second base,
And it is ten to seven."

"Thy watch is wrong, my little man,
It is but half-past two,
And since my time is right, how can
It be so late with you?"

Then did the little lad reply:
"We played the Reds of Devon,
At twelve-fifteen the game was called,
It closed at ten to seven."

"Thou little ass," in haste I said:
"Thy wandering wits replevin,
Tell me the time, thou renegade!"
He answered: "Ten to seven."

I smote him with my rattan-cane,
This liar of eleven;
"The time?" I said. He howled with pain,
And answered: "Ten to seven."

Then I swept up the ground with him,
"Tell me the truth, by heaven!"
With feeble breath and eyes so dim,
He gassupped: "Ten to seven."

ROBERT J. BURDETTE, in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR
AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

WAREROOMS:
149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th Street, N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.: NO. 209 WABASH AVENUE.

Arnold,
Constable & Co.
CARPETS.

HAVE NOW ON EXHIBITION THEIR

FALL IMPORTATION
OF
CARPETS, RUGS
AND
UPHOLSTERY.

Broadway & 19th st.
New York.

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars
for a retail box, by express, of the best
Candies in the World, put up in hand-
some boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable
for presents. Try it once.

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
78 Madison St., Chicago.

Fogg's father is a philosopher. He is as deaf as a post; but he does not repine. On the contrary, he says his deafness is his chief joy. He did fret a good deal at first, as his hearing began to grow dull; but when he found by actual experiment that he could sit within three feet of a bagpipe and not hear a note, he was happy. Since then his principal pleasure consists in wandering about until he finds a bagpiper, and hovering about the torturer for hours at a time; but up to latest advices, the old gentleman had been unable to decide which pleases him most, the absence of sound from the bagpipe, or to observe the contortions of those whose ears are still open to its blood-curdling screams.—*Boston Transcript*.

"FATHER," he said, as he sat on his parent's knee: "have we got lots of money?"

"A pretty fair sum, my boy."

"Did we make it in Canada?"

"In Canada? How could we make it in Canada?"

"That's what I told the Smith boy; but he stuck to it that it was the same as making it in Canada. He said you compromised with the bank for half, and was allowed to return. Father, I—"

"You go to bed, sir," exclaimed the indignant father: "and if I ever hear of your playing with that Smith boy again, I'll have your hide on the fence."—*Wall Street News*.

Whether you prefer the sea-breeze or the bracing mountain air for your summer vacation you should not omit to provide yourself with a bottle of **Angostura Bitters**, which is the acknowledged standard regulator of the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine article, manufactured only by

DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.



473



FALL, 1886.

OPENING!

Magnificent Display of Fall and Winter Woolens.
NEW SHADES. ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

Our Importations Include
All the Latest Novelties from Abroad.

TO MEASURE.

FALL OVERCOATS from.....\$18.00
BUSINESS SUITS " 20.00
TROUSERS " 5.00

Nicoll
the Tailor.

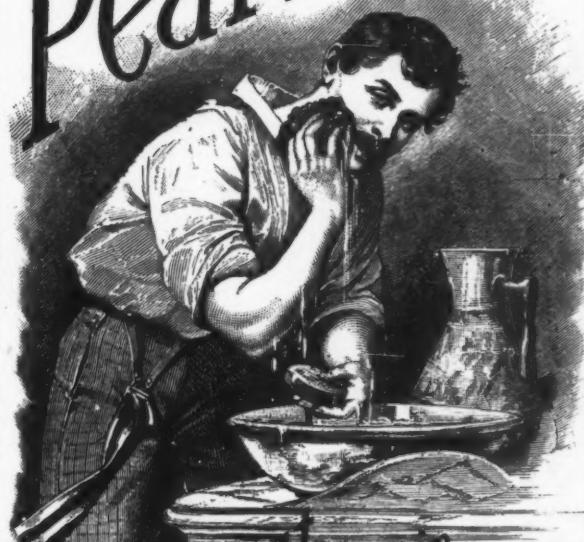
Nos. 145, 147, 149 Bowery,
and
771 Broadway, Cor. Ninth Street.

Samples and Self Measurement Rules sent on Application.



The care of the skin is a matter of great importance, and the necessity for frequently and thoroughly cleansing it is absolute.

Pears' SOAP



*The purest
best for the skin
& most economical in use*

PEARS.

SOAPMAKERS BY SEALED APPOINTMENT
To H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES.



Cases of irritable skins which a tribe of soaps have failed to allay, have disappeared under the use of Pears' Soap; and for Shaving, and the delicate skin of Infancy, as well as for universal Toilet use, no better nor more soothing soap can be found.—Sold Everywhere.

COLT REPEATING RIFLE

Just Half the Factory Price! \$12.50 Best Repeating Rifle in the World. 44-Caliber. M'PHER'S CHAMPION GUNS, Am. Bull-Dog, Defender Revolvers, Bean's Patent Police Goods, &c. Send 6 cents for Illustrated 84-Page Catalogue. JOHN P. LOVELL'S SOSS, Boston, Mass. Established 1848.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

THE BEST HAIR DRESSING COCOAINE

It kills Dandruff, promotes the Growth of the Hair, cures Scald Head and all Irritation of the Scalp.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

The superiority of Burnett's Flavering Extracts consists in their perfect purity & great strength.

Burnett's Cologne Water
is unrivaled.

**Cholera
ramps
colic**
all
Summer Complaints
and all
Bowel Troubles
are cured by
**Perry Davis's
Pain
Killer**
All druggists sell it.

DENTAL OFFICE OF
Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess
NO. 162 WEST 23D STREET, Bot. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y.

"Sulphur Soap" secured by Letters Patent.

GLENN'S



Sulphur Soap

If the Boards of Health, of our large cities and towns, who spend thousands of dollars in the general distribution of deodorizers to prevent the spread of contagious fevers, would be consistent, they should gratuitously distribute **GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP**. Sold by all druggists.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

**PROF. LE CLERQUE'S
BEARD BALM**
Is the ONLY reliable preparation now offered to the public; will FORCE a beautiful mustache, beard, or hair on the baldest head to grow thick and heavy or money cheerfully refunded. To introduce it, we offer our \$1 size, for go days, for 50c. LEW. H. ANDERSON, Chicago.

LAWYER (*to a timid young woman*).—Have you ever appeared as witness in a suit before?
YOUNG WOMAN (*blushing*).—Yes, sir, of course.

LAWYER.—Please state to the jury just what suit it was.

YOUNG WOMAN (*with more confidence*).—It was a nun's veiling, shirred down the front and trimmed with a lovely blue, with hat to match.

JUDGE (*rapping violently*).—Order in the court!—*Hartford Journal*.

SHE.—James, do you know you put three buttons on the plate in church to-day?

HE.—Yes, I knew what I was about.

SHE.—James, perhaps you don't know that I bought those buttons yesterday for my new dress, and paid fifty cents apiece for them.

HE.—Alas! What have I done?—*Tid-Bits*.

A WRITER in an exchange denounces the common house-fly with unmeasured terms. While unmeasured terms may prove efficacious, we know that a folded newspaper across the small of his back will denounce a fly in the twinkling of a lamb's tail.—*Marathon Independent*.

A FLORIST says that "cat-tails boiled for ten minutes won't drop off." A cat would probably prefer to go through life without a tail to her back than to have it boiled ten minutes.—*Norristown Herald*.

STRAWS show which way the cobbler goes.—*Boston Post*.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Decided Benefit.

Dr. JOHN P. WHEELER, Hudson, N. Y., says: "I have given it with decided benefit in a case of innutrition of the brain, from abuse of alcohol."

**THE ADAMS & WESTLAKE
PLATFORMS FOR STOVES
ARE THE BEST. TRY THEM.**

CHOLERA INFANTUM

Prevented, Controlled, and Cured by
Lactated Food

It has been successful in hundreds of cases where other prepared foods failed.

FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS.
It may be used with confidence, as a safe and complete substitute for mother's milk.

It is a Perfect Nutrient for INVALIDS.
The most NOURISHING and ECONOMICAL of Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00

Easily prepared. Sold by Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1.
A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt. 616

ANGOSTURA



BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, can Dry up Disease, Disease, and Ague, and all Diseases of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.
51 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Hossfeld & Wierl,

IMPORTERS OF

PURE

HUNGARIAN WINES,

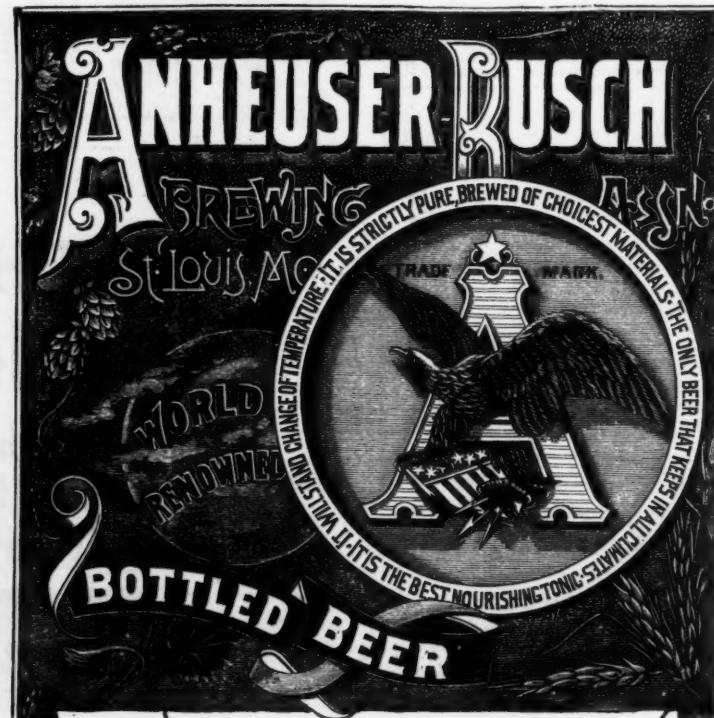
Buda-Pesth & 39 Broad St., N. Y.

Tokayer Ausbruch

IMPORTED IN BOTTLES A SPECIALTY.

BOKER'S BITTERS
The Oldest and Best of All
STOMACCI BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
DR. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

America's Favorite



Lager Beer

**PROF. BOREMUS ON
TOILET SOAPS:**

"You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."



Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE of GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.



W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Send 6c. for postage for free costly box of goods which will help all to more money than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

CREED OF CAIN

And Thirst for Pleasure. The ruling passion of the human family. In grasping after riches the brain is taxed, the nervous system strained. In the pursuit of pleasure the body is tortured by fashion's despotic sway; the hours designed for repose are devoted to exhausting revelry; the stomach is ruthlessly imposed upon; pure water, the natural drink for all created beings, is ignored, and liquid fire is substituted until, ere we are aware of it, disease has fixed its iron grasp upon us. Then we look for the "remedy."

To the victim of these follies, we command Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills. They stimulate the liver, strengthen the nerves, restore the appetite and build up the debilitated body.

**Tutt's Liver Pills
MAKE A VIGOROUS BODY.**

VOLUME XIX. OF PUCK

was completed with No. 494. It contains 416 pages and 579 illustrations, viz.:

26 double-page illuminated cartoons,

52 single-page " "

501 illustrations in black and white.

Contributions by the best humorous writers in the country.

Price, unbound, with title-page and index \$2.50

Bound in cloth " " " 3.75

Half morocco " " " 4.50

Unbound copies of Volume XIX., if in good condition, will be exchanged for bound copies.

In cloth, with title-page and index, for \$1.25

Half morocco, " " " 2.00

(Postage on bound volumes, 50 cents.)

**KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers,
S. W. Cor. of Houston and Mulberry Streets.**

THE MORNING FLY.

How fervently I wish that I Could once destroy that morning fly; He hovers safely near my head, When I am sleeping in my bed.

I strike him, but he shuns my blows; I bang my head; I beat my nose; Yet still, unwearied, in and out He plies his wings and goes about.

He makes a noise which I can hear, Whenever he is somewhere near; A noise irrelevant, obscure, And one I never could endure.

Beelzebul, thou god of flies, Take this thy demon from my eyes! And shut him where he can not find The opening in my window-blind!

SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD, in *Good Cheer.*

"I—I THINK I have stumbled into the wrong office," explained a stranger who opened the door of a Cincinnati lawyer's den.

"Well, that depends. If you are in business and desire to fail and pay ten cents on the dollar, this is the right office."

"Oh, but I'm one of the creditors of just such a man, and I wanted—"

"Certainly, come in. I'll either get your claim in full, or have the scoundrel indicted for fraud."—*Wall St. News.*

SHE was a crank on the subject of music. A gentleman knocked at her door and asked:

"Does Mr. Smith live here?"

"No, sir, his room is an octave higher—in the next flat," she replied, in a pianissimo andante tone of voice.—*Texas Siftings.*

BY AN ABSENT-MINDED POET.

Her attributes are such that I To many goddesses compare Her qualities of form and mind. Their names? oh—*vide Lempriere?*

Her face is such as must have been That of the fairest of the fair. That lovely goddess—what's her name? The Queen of Love—in Lempriere.

Her mind is stored with all the best Of learning's treasures, rich and rare, Such as Min—something—once could boast (You'll find her name in Lempriere).

I love her—not because she's wise, And not because her face is fair; But for a—something—all her own, That isn't found in Lempriere.

S. DECATUR SMITH, JR., in *Tid-Bits.*

Pickings from Puck.

THIRD CROP.

READER.—Do you know what you are going to get on the 22nd of September?

You are going to get PICKINGS FROM PUCK Third Crop.

Take off your hat and look happy.

This is not the original PICKINGS FROM PUCK. It is not PICKINGS FROM PUCK Second Crop. It isn't either, or both, with a new cover. It is all

freshly plucked from the flowery fields of Literature and Art that lie in the inexhaustible back numbers of PUCK.

Its price is Twenty-five Cents, of all newsdealers.

The traditional barrel of monkeys will now please to pale its ineffectual fires.

Now you know where you are.

Step in and be happy.

PUCK.

**MELLIN'S
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS**

TRADE MARK.

FOOD

The only perfect substitute for Mother's milk. Indispensable in Cholera Infantum and Teething. A pre-digested food for Dyspeptics, Consumptives, Convalescents. Perfect nutrient in all Wanting Diseases. Requires no cooking. Our Book, *The Care and Feeding of Infants*, mailed free.

DOLIBER, GOODALE & CO., Boston, Mass.

651

GENUINE YANKEE SOAP

After half a century is still without an equal.

AS A SHAVING SOAP.

Its rich, mild and lasting lather leaves nothing to be desired. All Drugists keep it. Avoid Imitations. Trial Samples by Mail, for 12 cents.

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
Glastonbury, Conn.
Formerly Williams & Bros., Manchester, 1840.

A CASKET OF SILVERWARE FREE

To any person who will show it to their neighbors, act as our agent and send orders. Give your nearest express and Post Office, Address, Wallingford Silver Co., Wallingford, Conn.

EDEN MUSEUM. 55 West 23rd Street. Reengagement of the HUNGARIAN GYPSY BAND. Daily two Grand Concerts. Admission, 50 cents. Sunday admission, 25 cents.

**PUCK ON WHEELS
FOR 1886.**

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

BOWERY BAY BEACH,

ON LONG ISLAND SOUND, OPPOSITE RIKER'S ISLAND.

A new summer family resort: finest beach for bathing, swimming, boating, and fishing; safest place, with ample police protection.

Bathing pavilion, restaurant, and beautiful shady grounds, NOW OPEN. SEPARATE PICNIC GROUNDS.

Reached by summer cars of Steinway and Hunter's Point Horse Rail-road, in 20 minutes from Astoria (92d St.) Ferry, and 40 minutes from Hunter's Point ferries, connecting with every boat from 5 A. M. till midnight. Fare from New York, via 92d St. Ferry, 10 cents.

Elegant drive from 92d St. Ferry, Astoria, along river-front, opposite Hell Gate, Ward's Island, etc., to Bowery Bay Beach.

WITH

\$5

YOU CAN SECURE A WHOLE.

IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN VIENNA CITY GOVT BOND,

ISSUE OF 1874.

These bonds are shares in a loan, the interest of which is paid out in premiums three times yearly. Every bond is entitled to

FOUR DRAWINGS ANNUALLY

until each and every bond is redeemed, with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond MUST DRAW one of the following premiums, as there are no BLANKS:

		Florins.	Florins.
4	a	200,000	400,000
4	a	30,000	60,000
4	a	2,000	20,000
25	a	1,000	20,000
45	a	500	12,000
5,120	a	140	716,000

Together 5,200 PREMIUMS, amounting to 1,644,800 FLORINS. The next redemption takes place on the

FIRST OF OCTOBER,

and every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of October is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date.

Out-of-town orders sent in REGISTERED LETTERS and inclosing \$ will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing. Balance payable in monthly installments.

For bonds, circulars or any other information, address

**INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,
160 Fulton Street, cor. Broadway, New York City.**

ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

The above Government bonds are not to be compared with any lottery whatsoever, as decided by the Court of Appeals, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the U. S.

N. B.—In writing please state that you saw this in the English PUCK.



LIVELY TIMES AMONG THE BROKERS.
The bulls were in high spirits over the rise in N. G. & W. yesterday. Several of them decorated their persons appropriately and held an Indian war-dance.

Our Suggestion.

If only the Bull had good manners and decorum if Mr. J. L. Sullivan were to join the Stock Exchange, we'd be glad to see him.

PLEASANT MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

A Few Random Extracts from the Daily Papers.



BROAD STREET BRUISING!!!
Fistfights on the Floor of the Exchange!

A lively personal encounter took place yesterday between Brokers Billy Short and Charley Long, which resulted in a closed optic for one of the contestants and Gregory must organ for the other.

WALL STREET Gossip.

A well-known broker, who has a wide reputation as a wag, enlivened the tedium of business yesterday, by walking entirely around the floor of the Exchange on his hands, to the intense amusement of his fellow-members.

A Stranger's Welcome in Wall Street.

A respectable old man with a carpet-bag strayed upon the floor of the Stock Exchange, one day recently. He was instantly surrounded, his hat smashed over his eyes, the tails of his coat torn off, and after being choked and pounded, he was glad to beat a retreat, amid shrieks of laughter.

HE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS AGAINST THE RULES.

Broad Street Bruising!!!

